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HISTORY THROUGH THE AGES

FIRST SERIES BOOK TWO

STORIES OF GREAT DEEDS

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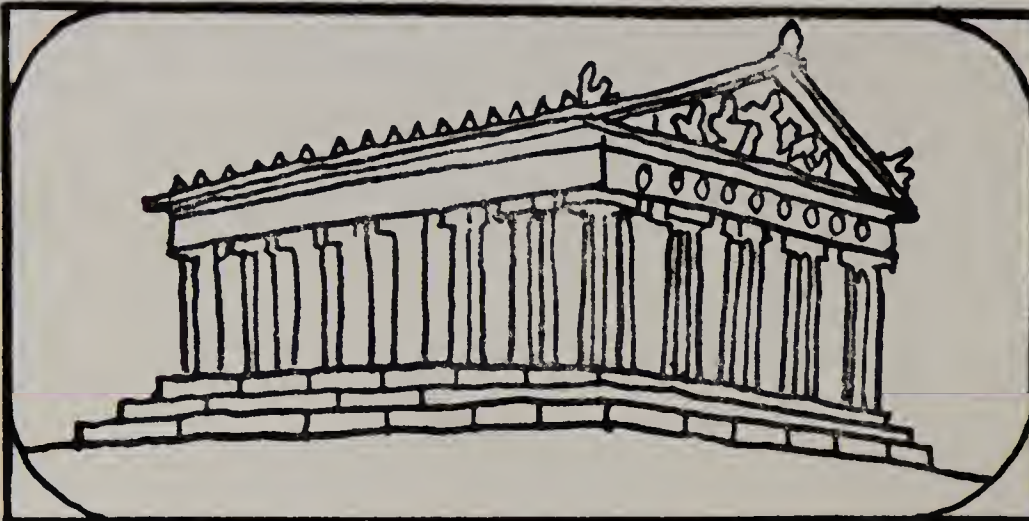
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TIME

HOW THEY BUILT

**ANCIENT
TIMES**



**MIDDLE
AGES**



**MODERN
TIMES**



PLACE

WHAT THEY WORE

Palestine
Rome



Bohemia
England
Wales
France



Scotland
England
America
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Holland



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History through the ages

EDITED BY E. J. BOOG-WATSON AND J. I. CARRUTHERS

FIRST SERIES: BOOK 2

STORIES OF GREAT DEEDS

By K. Conyngham Greene
Illustrated by Rosemary Allan

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EDITED BY E. J. BOOG-WATSON AND J. I. CARRUTHERS

EACH book should make the basis of history lessons for a year. In the Teacher's Book, which accompanies this series, there are detailed suggestions for ways in which the text can give rise to class and individual activities, so that each chapter becomes the starting point for two or three weeks' effective work.

There is also a series of large wall pictures of subjects connected with the First Series. These are designed to stimulate the interest and imagination of the children.

FIRST SERIES

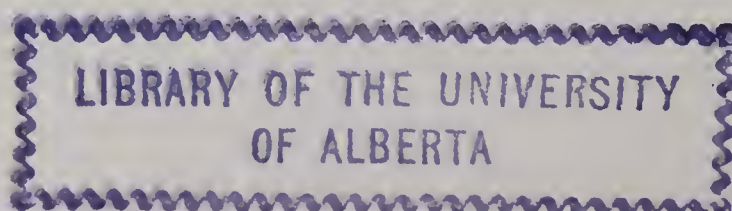
1. STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE
2. STORIES OF GREAT DEEDS
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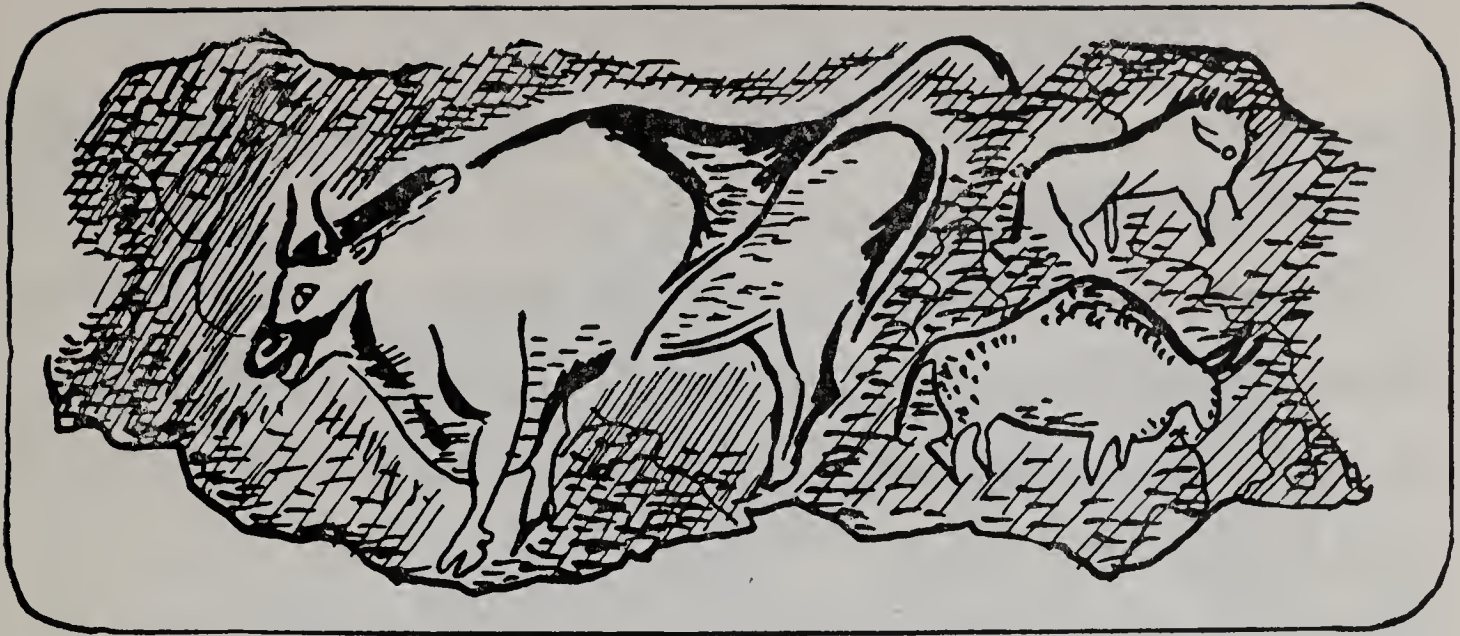


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THE CHILDREN WHO LIVED IN A CAVE

Very long ago there were no towns or villages and no houses in Britain. There were no roads, no bridges across the rivers. The people dressed in the skins of wild animals instead of in clothes, and lived in caves.

Let us pretend that we can look backwards for thousands and thousands of years, and make up a story about a boy and girl who lived in Britain then.

Cave Boy and Cave Girl lived with their father and mother on the side of a hill, where the

trees were not very thick and where the sun could shine right into the door of their cave.

There were many wild animals in Britain in those days, dangerous animals like bears and wolves as well as harmless, friendly animals like rabbits and hares and deer.

Every day Cave Father went out to look for the family's dinner. Sometimes he came back with a couple of rabbits slung over his shoulder, sometimes dragging a dead deer by its heels, sometimes with a big silver salmon that he had killed with his spear in the shallow part of the river near the foot of the hill.

The dead rabbits or dead deer had to be skinned, and the flesh cut up with knives made of sharp stones. Then the skins were pegged down in the sun to dry. Later, Cave Mother would rub them soft and stitch them into clothes with needles made of rabbit or fish bones and thread cut from strips of thin leather.

The Cave Family had no dishes or plates, no



CAVE FATHER BRINGS THE DINNER HOME, WHILE CAVE MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER
PREPARE THE FIRE

spoons or forks, no chairs or tables. They sat on the ground round the cave-house door and ate their dinners with their fingers.

Of course there were no schools in those days. Cave Boy and Cave Girl very seldom saw any other children. But they had lessons to learn just the same. Cave Boy had to learn how to make arrow heads or spear tips of very sharp stones, rubbed and scraped to make them sharper still. He had to know how to fasten these stones with strips of leather on to sticks. Then he had to practise throwing his spear, or shooting his arrow from a bow, over and over again, until he could hit a small mark from a long way off.

Cave Girl had to learn how to cut up the food that Cave Father killed, how to cook it and how to make the skins into clothes.

One fine morning Cave Boy and Cave Girl asked their mother if they could go out for the whole day.

‘Yes,’ said Mother, ‘if you bring back something for supper.’

THE CHILDREN WHO LIVED IN A CAVE

Cave Boy carried his spear in case he should see a rabbit. Cave Girl had a bag made of skins in case she should see any blackberries. Up they climbed to the hill at the back of the cave, where the grass was short.

‘There are no blackberries here,’ said Cave Girl. ‘I am going down the hill again to see if I can find some in the woods.’

‘I’ll stay up here,’ said Cave Boy. ‘I may get a chance at a hare on the open ground on top of the hill.’

No hares came in sight. Even the rabbits seemed to have gone to their holes. ‘Something must have frightened them,’ thought Cave Boy.

He turned down the hill to see if Cave Girl had found any blackberries. He was walking softly, in case he should see a pigeon and be able to kill it for supper, when he noticed something moving very, very quietly through the bushes, something large and black and hairy. It was a wolf!

‘No wonder there were no rabbits or hares

about,' thought Cave Boy. 'Old wolf seems to be stalking something for his supper.'

Cave Boy swung himself up into a tree so as to be safe himself and to have a good view of the wolf's hunting. There was the big leggy creature stealing quite silently through the bushes.

'Perhaps he is after a deer,' thought Cave Boy, when he suddenly caught sight of something moving lower down the hill.

'It *must* be a deer,' thought Cave Boy. 'I wish I could give it a signal to get away.'

The thing moved, and it wasn't a deer at all! It was Cave Girl with her back to the way the wolf was coming, busy picking blackberries and putting them into the skin bag on her arm.

'What shall I do?' thought Cave Boy. 'If I shout the wolf may spring on her at once. If I get down from the tree and try to warn her, the wolf may see me and kill me before he goes on to kill her. There is only one thing to do. I must remember everything that Father has taught me

about throwing a spear, and kill the wolf now, at once, out of this tree ! ’

Cave Boy crept along one of the thick boughs of the tree, his spear slung by a thong round his arm. Then, when he could see the grey shoulders of the wolf plainly below him, he stood up, swaying to get his balance, took aim, and threw his spear at the wolf.

‘ Grrrrr ! ’ growled the wolf. The spear had hit him just at the back of his shoulder. He leapt into the air once—again—then with another growl he fell down and rolled over into the thick bracken.

‘ *Dead !* ’ shouted Cave Boy, scrambling down from the tree as quickly as if he had been a monkey. ‘ I’ll never grumble again when old Father tells me to go on, and on, and on, aiming at a mark till I can be quite certain of hitting it.’

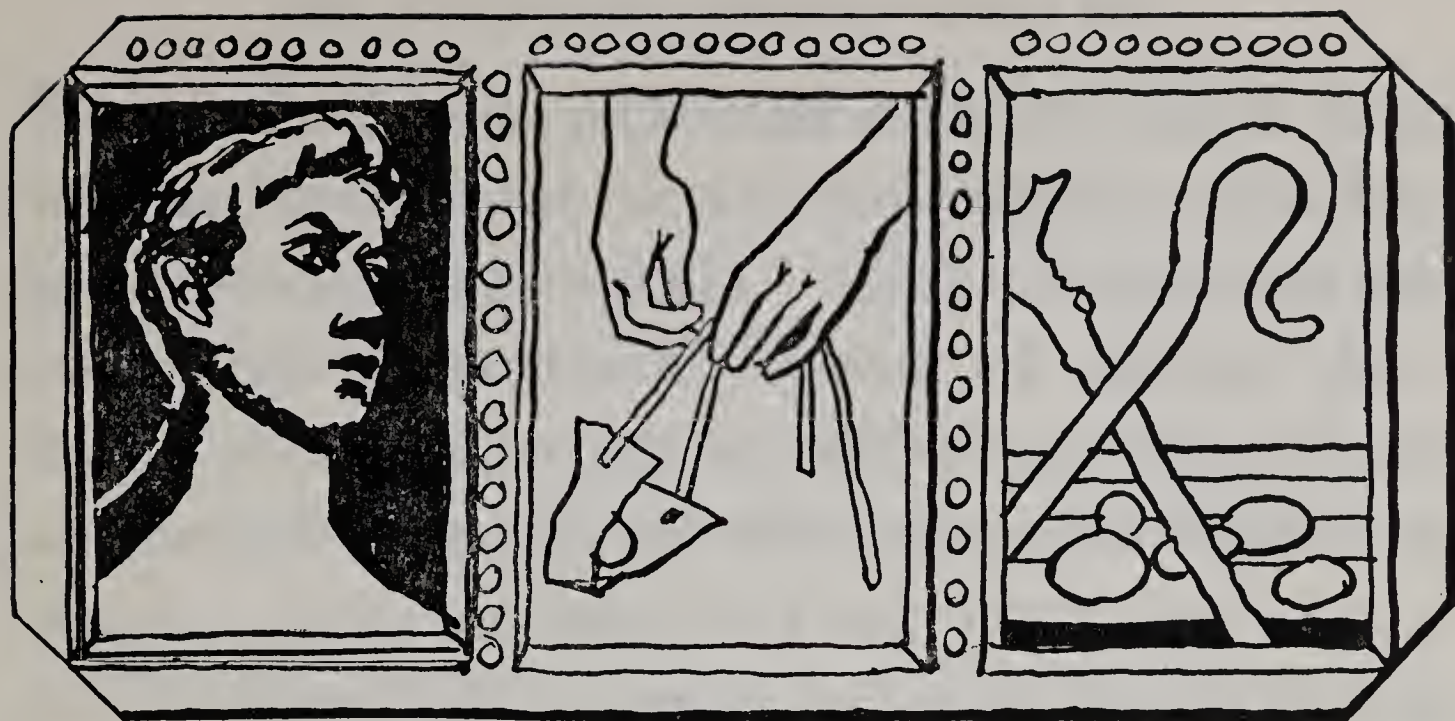
‘ What are you making all that noise about ? ’ said Cave Girl, coming up out of the blackberry bushes, with blackberry stains round her lips and her skin bag heavy with fruit.

THE CHILDREN WHO LIVED IN A CAVE

‘Look here!’ shouted Cave Boy. ‘See what I’ve killed with my spear, and from the middle of that tree too!’

‘Would it have killed *me*,’ asked Cave Girl, ‘if you had not been there?’

‘He might have killed first you and then me, if Father had not taught me how to throw a spear,’ said Cave Boy. ‘Come on now! I’ll carry your bag of blackberries. I’ll come out tomorrow with some sharp stone knives and get off that big brute’s skin. It will make a fine curtain to keep the wind off us on winter nights, if it hangs at the front of the cave.’



THE GIANT AND THE SHEPHERD BOY

Once upon a time in the land of Israel, which is the country we now call Palestine, there lived a boy called David. David was the youngest of his father's children. None of his brothers thought very much of young David who spent most of his time on the hillside taking care of his father's sheep.

David was a very handsome boy, with rosy cheeks and straight limbs. He was very strong too. Once when he was watching the sheep, far

away from anyone, a lion came down from the hills and stole a lamb from the flock. David ran after the lion into the hills. He found the lion with the lamb between its paws. David caught the big lion by its beard and made it let go of the lamb. Then he carried the lamb back to the rest of the flock. Later a bear came and stole another lamb. David chased the bear into the woods and rescued that lamb too.

David loved music. He used to take his harp with him to the hills and play on it when he was watching his sheep.

The enemies of Israel in those days were called the Philistines. The Philistines gathered a great army to fight the armies of Israel. The King of Israel, who was called Saul, led his soldiers against the Philistines.

One of the Philistine soldiers was a giant, much bigger and much stronger than any other soldier in the Philistine army, or than any soldier in the armies of Israel. This soldier's name was Goliath.

THE GIANT AND THE SHEPHERD BOY

He was dressed in glittering armour with a brass helmet, breastplate, and brass plates on his legs. He carried a huge spear. A man walked in front of him holding a great shield.

Goliath stood up on the hillside, where all the soldiers of Israel could see him, and laughed at them.

‘What are you doing, all you soldiers?’ he shouted. ‘What use are any of you against me? Why don’t you choose a strong man from your army to come and fight me? If your man can kill me, then all this great Philistine army behind me will be the servants of your King Saul. But if I win, if I kill the man from your army, then all you Israelite soldiers will be the servants of the Philistines. Come on,’ he shouted, ‘send a man to fight me!’

King Saul was frightened when he heard what Goliath said. He knew that there was not a soldier in his whole army who could fight that great giant, with his strong armour and his huge sword. All

Saul's generals and captains were frightened too. Not one of all the armies of Israel came out to fight Goliath.

Three of David's brothers were in the army of Israel, but David was too young to fight. He stayed at home and looked after the sheep.

One day David's father gave David a basket of bread and cheese, and other good things, and told him to find where the army of Israel was in camp and give the basket to his brothers.

'See how they are,' said David's father, 'then come back and tell me if the war is going well for our side.'

So David found someone to look after the sheep and set off to look for the army of Israel. He found the army encamped on the side of a hill, and his brothers among them. While they were all sitting talking and enjoying the good things sent from home, the great giant Goliath came striding out of the camp of the Philistine army, on the side of the opposite hill. Goliath began



DAVID IS NOT FRIGHTENED BY THE GREAT GIANT GOLIATH

shouting and taunting the soldiers of Israel.

‘Who is that big rude brute?’ David asked his brothers.

‘His name is Goliath,’ said one of his brothers. ‘He is much bigger and much stronger, as you can see, than anyone in our army. King Saul has promised that anyone who kills Goliath shall have a bag of money and Saul’s daughter to be his wife.’

‘I don’t see why he should be allowed to stand there and jeer at our soldiers,’ said David to the men round him. ‘Someone from our side must go out and fight him.’

When King Saul heard what David had been saying, he called David into his own tent.

‘What have you been saying about Goliath?’ said the King.

‘Just that there is no reason to be frightened of that giant,’ said David. ‘I will go and fight him myself!’

‘You, a boy, fight that huge soldier?’ said Saul.

THE GIANT AND THE SHEPHERD BOY

‘ Why not ? ’ said David. ‘ I killed a lion that had stolen lambs from my father’s flock. I killed a bear too. Why should I not kill Goliath ? ’

So Saul sent for a brass helmet and for strong armour and put them on David. He gave David a heavy great sword.

When David had lifted the sword he threw it down. He took off the armour too.

‘ I don’t like these things,’ he said. ‘ I must fight Goliath in my own way.’

David chose five smooth stones from the bed of the stream at the bottom of the hill and put them in his shepherd’s bag. He took his shepherd’s crook and a sling. Then he went out in front of the whole army of Israel to meet Goliath.

The huge giant roared at him.

‘ Am I a dog,’ he shouted, ‘ that you come out with a stick to fight me ? ’

‘ You come with your sword and your spear and your shield,’ said David, ‘ but I come in the name of the God of the armies of Israel. To-day I shall

THE GIANT AND THE SHEPHERD BOY

kill you, and all your army will know that the God of Israel is the only true God.'

The huge giant, waving his sword, came thundering down towards David. It seemed to all the soldiers watching that David was certain to be killed. But David took one of the stones from his bag. He put it in his sling and threw it. It hit Goliath in the middle of his forehead. The huge giant fell flat on the earth—dead!

David snatched the sword from Goliath's hand and, standing on the body of his enemy, he cut off his head.

Then all the armies of Israel rushed upon the armies of the Philistines, killing all they could catch and chasing the others back towards their own country.

David went back with King Saul to Jerusalem and later he married the King's daughter.



BRAVE HORATIUS

The River Tiber flows through the great city of Rome. This is a story of how, very long ago, that river and three brave Roman soldiers saved the city from its enemies.

News came to the Roman people that a fierce and strong ruler, whose name was Lars Porsena, was coming to attack them. Lars Porsena had gathered a great army of horse soldiers and foot soldiers, of men with swords and men with spears. They were all marching towards Rome, determined

to conquer it and to make the Roman people, who lived in the city, their slaves.

The people in the villages outside Rome heard of the news of Lars Porsena's army too. They came pouring over the river bridge into the city; old men and young men, women and children, with their clothes and food and furniture, their sheep and cows, pigs and chickens, hurrying to get to safety before the enemy could reach them. The rulers of the town called all the important men together by the gate that guarded the bridge over the river to decide what they ought to do. Already the watchmen on the towers could see the fires from the villages that Lars Porsena was burning on his way to attack Rome. They could watch the clouds of dust from the marching of his soldiers blowing in the air, the sun shining on their helmets and spears.

‘What shall we do?’ said the rulers to each other. ‘How can we save our beautiful city and all the people who have come to us for safety?’

‘We must break down the bridge,’ said one ruler.

‘Too late,’ said another, looking towards the clouds of dust that seemed to be coming so quickly towards Rome. ‘I can already see the enemy’s helmets sparkling in the sun and their banners waving.’

‘Our bridge was built to last for hundreds of years,’ said a third man. ‘It can’t be broken down in an hour.’

Then, out of the little crowd of men who stood round the rulers, one man stepped out. His name was Horatius. He was the Captain of the Gate that guarded the bridge. His duty was to open the gate in the morning and shut it at night, to see everyone who passed through, and to make sure that no enemies crept inside the city of Rome.

‘Break down the bridge as quickly as you can,’ said Horatius, ‘while I stand at the far end of the bridge to meet and hold back the enemy. If two other men will help me, we three should be able to

keep back Lars Porsena and his army till you have wrecked the bridge.'

Then he looked round him at the other Roman soldiers who were waiting with their swords in their hands to meet the enemy.

'Who will help me keep the bridge?' cried Horatius. 'I want one man to stand at my right hand and one man to stand at my left hand to keep the enemy back till the bridge has been broken behind us.'

'I'll come,' said one man quickly. 'I'll stand at your right hand and help you.'

'I'll come too,' said another man. 'I'll stand on your left side, Horatius.'

'Come on, then,' shouted Horatius. 'Come on, come on!'

With his great sword in his hand he sprang forward to the end of the bridge, one man at his right hand and the other at his left. All three waved their flashing swords as the hosts of the enemy, with trumpets blowing, spears shining, and flags

flying, marched towards the river, to the one bridge that led across the river to Rome.

‘Three men!’ shouted the enemy’s leader scornfully. ‘Three men who think they are strong enough to hold up this great army! Forward, soldiers of Lars Porsena, and kill them at once!’

Forward they came. But the path was narrow at the end of the bridge. Horatius and his two friends swung their swords, and one after another the soldiers of the enemy were killed or thrown into the river.

All the time the men at the other end of the bridge were sawing and slashing at the great wooden beams that made it, were hacking and pushing at the supports, to destroy the only way by which the enemy could enter Rome.

Now the planks of the bridge were shaking. Now the wood of the supports was almost hacked through.

‘Come back quickly, Horatius,’ shouted someone behind him. ‘Come back, you three men!’



HORATIUS AND HIS FRIENDS HOLD BACK THE SOLDIERS OF LARS PORSENA

BRAVE HORATIUS

You have done noble work. Save yourselves now before the bridge goes down.'

Both Horatius's friends stepped back quickly before the great wooden supports of the bridge gave way, and the bridge itself heeled over into the water.

But Horatius did not go back. He jumped forward on to the enemy's side of the river. There he stood with his sword in his hand, his face and hands streaming with blood where he had been slashed by the enemy's swords. In front of him was the army of Lars Porsena, pressing forward to kill him. Behind him was the rushing, whirling river, cutting him off from his own soldiers, his own city, his home.

'Throw him down! Kill him!' shouted the enemy soldiers.

'You are beaten at last,' cried Lars Porsena, 'though you were a brave man.'

Horatius took no notice of them. He put his great sword back into its sheath at his side and,

still wearing his heavy armour, he plunged into the rushing, roaring river. His friends on the Roman side gave a groan. He was wounded in many places after his long fight against so many enemies. An arrow had struck him in one of his eyes. It seemed that he must be drowned in that great angry river, roaring down in flood.

Then, while both sides were watching, and no one remembered the battle, someone saw the top of his helmet appearing above the water. Then his face appeared. All those on the Roman side gave a great cheer of triumph. Even the enemy, though they knew well now that they were beaten, that they could not cross the river and conquer Rome, joined in the cheering too.

Now Horatius had nearly reached the Roman side of the river. Now his feet could feel the stones on the bed of the stream. Now he could touch the bank. His friends crowded forward to catch his hands and drag him safely to shore.

They hoisted him high on to their shoulders,

BRAVE HORATIUS

dripping and draggled, with the weeds from the river round his helmet, with one eye blinded, with cuts on his face and hands, with mud on his sword. They carried him through the cheering crowds of the people he had saved, to the middle of Rome.

There, in the years to come, in the centre of the city that he had saved, the people put up a great statue to remind everyone who passed by how Horatius and his two companions had saved the City of Rome.



GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Jan lived with his mother in a small house in the Kingdom of Bohemia, the country we call Czechoslovakia. Jan's father lived with the King in the King's big grey castle in the mountains. Whenever Father could be spared from his work for the King, he came to see Mother and Jan.

One day, just before Christmas, Father rode up quite unexpectedly. When he had taken off his thick cloak and had got warm by the fire, he told them why he had come.

‘The King wants another page,’ said Father. ‘One of his pages has grown too big and has gone

to be a soldier. Another is rather stupid. King Wenceslas does not like stupid people. He asked me about Jan. I told him that you were ten years old, Jan, that you were strong and obedient, and that Mother and I would be proud if you could do anything for the King. So His Majesty told me to fetch you at once.'

Jan's mother cried a little as she was counting Jan's socks and packing his bundles. Jan might have cried too if he had not been ten years old and going to the King's castle. The bundles were slung in front of Father on the horse's back. Jan sat on the horse's back behind Father, holding on by his belt.

The castle looked very big and splendid, with lights shining from every window; when Father and Jan rode across the drawbridge to the door.

King Wenceslas—Jan knew it was the King because he had a small crown on his head—was sealing a letter at a table in the great hall when Jan and his father came in. A boy who, Jan

guessed, must be another page, took the letter from the King and was just going out with it when the King saw Father and Jan.

‘ This is my son, Your Majesty,’ said Father.

Jan made a very low bow, as his father had taught him to do. The King called back the other boy and told him to take Jan with him, to show him where he was to sleep and give him a good dinner.

Jan had a lot to learn. He had to find his way about the castle, which seemed enormous after the little house he had lived in all his life. He had to fill the King’s wine glass at dinner without spilling a drop. He had to help the King to put on and take off his armour and his big boots. He had to be ready to rush off with a message anywhere at any moment.

It was all rather fun, because it was nearly Christmas time. There were services in church, with prayers and lights and singing, for King Wenceslas was a very holy man as well as a great

King. There were parties in the castle, with plenty of good things for everyone to eat and drink. There were boar hunts on the mountains.

The snow began to fall on Christmas Day. By the evening of St. Stephen's Day it was so deep round the castle that no one went out at all.

Jan was warming his cold fingers by the big fire in the hall when he heard someone calling him. It was the King who was looking out of the window at the snowy hills and woods, shining in the light of a full moon.

'Who is that man out there?' asked the King. 'Where does he live?'

Jan had seen the same man picking up wood the day before and had asked another page who he was, so he was able to answer at once.

'He lives about three miles away, Your Majesty,' said Jan, 'on the side of the mountain near the big forest.'

'Pack a basket with things to eat and drink at once,' said the King, 'and get a bundle of dry

faggots. No one could make a fire of wood picked up in the snow. You and I will take that man his Christmas dinner.'

It was bitterly cold outside. The King walked first, carrying a basket of food and drink. Jan followed with a bundle of wood on his shoulder. The wind blew the dry snow in clouds against Jan's face. At every fresh step he felt that he would never drag his foot out of the snow. It seemed such a long way to the forest. The lights from the castle were out of sight when Jan turned round to look for them, but still they were not nearly there. At last Jan felt he could not go on. He called out to the King whose back was just in front of him.

'Please, Sire! Oh, please, Your Majesty! I am so cold and so tired. I don't think I can go any further.'

King Wenceslas turned round.

'What's this?' he said. 'You can't go on? Frightened, are you? Tired and cold? Your



JAN FOLLOWS KING WENCESLAS INTO THE SNOW

feet stick in the snow ? Give me the faggots, boy ! You take the basket of food. That isn't so heavy. Now, walk in my footsteps. Put your feet just where mine have been. You will find it easier to walk then. And think of that poor man in his wretched cottage, with no fire and no Christmas dinner and of what he'll think when he sees you ! '

The King was right ! When Jan stepped in the footprints that the King had made, walking was much easier. The King sang the first verse of a Christmas carol, and Jan joined in. By the time the carol was finished they were at the poor man's little, low, wooden house.

Jan had never seen anyone open his eyes and his mouth so wide as that poor man when he saw them ! He had been stooping over the heap of damp sticks that he had just gathered, trying to make them burn, when the King opened the door and came in.

'Unpack the basket, Jan,' said the King, 'while I make the fire burn.'

He took off his long, fur-lined cloak and rolled up his velvet sleeves. Jan felt that his mother would have made that fire burn much more quickly than the King did. But with the dry faggots that Jan had carried so far, and some help from the poor man, there soon was a splendid blaze.

Jan dusted the rather dirty wooden table with his sleeve, and set out the meat and the bread, the butter and the apples, and the big slice of Christmas cake that he had seen packed up in the castle kitchen. The King took a cup from the pocket of his cloak and filled it with wine.

‘Eat your good dinner in the warmth, good man,’ said King Wenceslas, ‘and may God bless you.’

Then he turned round to Jan.

‘Now you and I can go home again,’ he said. ‘And do not forget that those who remember the poor—especially at Christmas time—will never be forgotten!’



WHEN THE NORMANS CAME

Cedric and his sister Audrey lived with their father and mother in a farm house near the south coast of England. Their father had a herd of cattle that grazed on the meadows close to the edge of the sea.

One day when their father came in to his midday dinner, he brought very strange and rather frightening news.

‘I met a fisherman to-day,’ said Father, ‘who had sailed close in to the coast of Normandy last week. He said that Duke William of Normandy

has got a great army gathered there on the shore, and a great fleet of ships all ready to bring the army over here to try and conquer England ! ’

‘ Conquer us ? Conquer England ? ’ said Cedric.

‘ Just let Duke William try to land in England, and he’ll see what he will get ! ’ said Cedric’s mother crossly. ‘ Come, Father, come, children, and eat your dinner ! ’

When dinner was over and Father had gone back to his work, the children set out, as they nearly always did, towards the sea.

‘ Perhaps we shall see the wicked Normans in their big ships coming to try to land in England,’ said Audrey.

‘ The Normans won’t land in England,’ said Cedric. ‘ Or if a few of them did manage to get ashore, our King Harold and his bowmen would soon drive them back again ! ’

The children had come to the top of the hill that sheltered their home from the wind. Below them lay the green water meadows and the sea.

‘ Oh, Cedric ! ’ gasped Audrey, grasping her brother’s arm.

The sea below them seemed to be covered with ships, rising and falling in the shining water, their huge coloured sails filled with wind, and long streamers flying at their mastheads. It was quite true ! The Normans were coming to England.

It did not take the two children long to race home again.

‘ Father ! Mother ! ’ shouted Cedric. ‘ Come quickly ! Get your bow, Father ! Let me have a stick ! The Normans are coming. Duke William is coming with a great, terrible army ! The sea is full of his ships.’

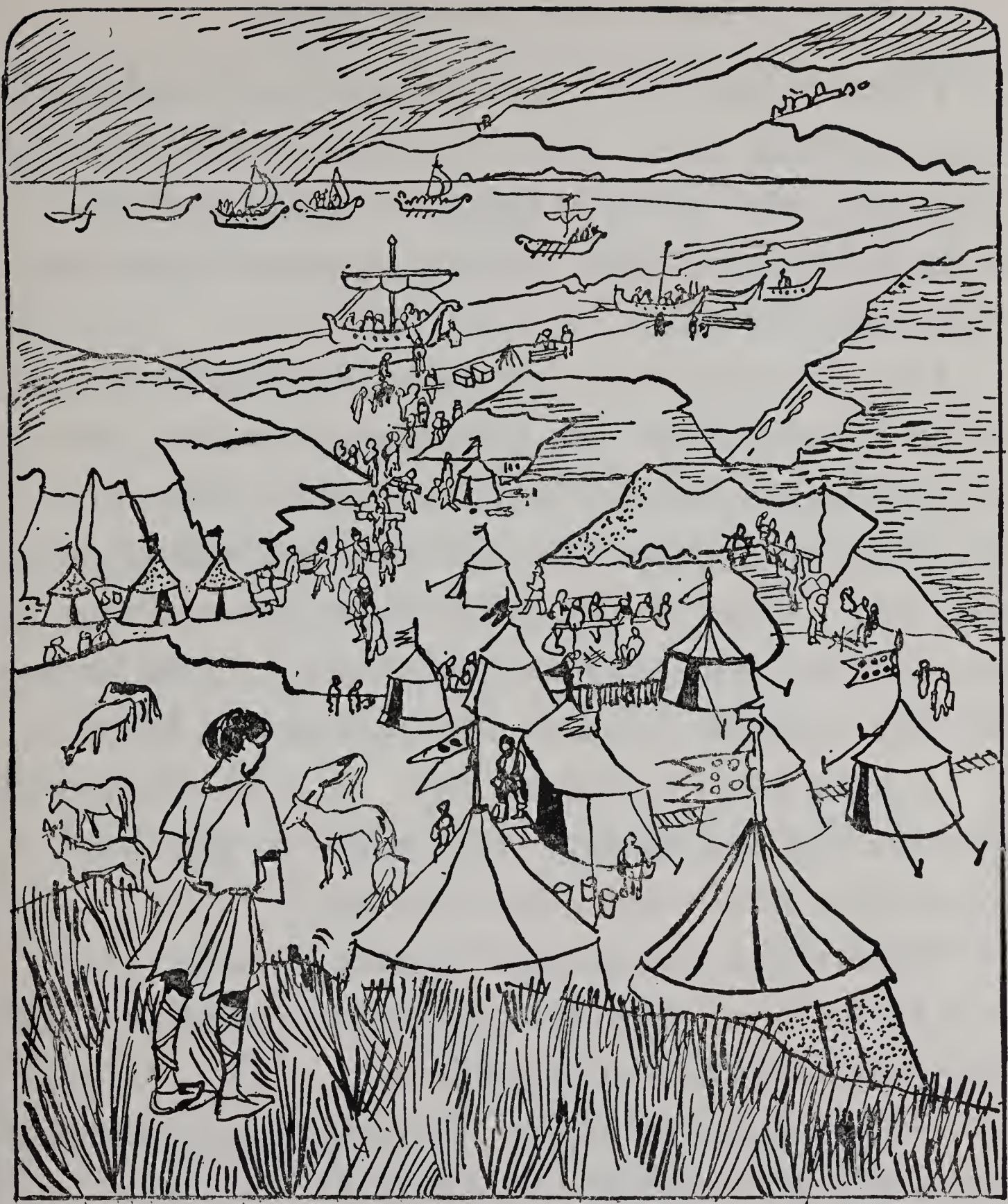
‘ They won’t hurt us, will they, Mother ? ’ said Audrey. ‘ King Harold will drive them away ? ’

Then as her father came round the corner of the cow byre, Audrey rushed to him and hid her face in his leather jerkin. ‘ Don’t let the Normans get me,’ she sobbed.

While father was trying to make out what all the crying and shouting meant, one of the neighbours came running up.

‘There’s a great fleet of ships coming in to land,’ he shouted, ‘and meaning no good ! Take my advice and drive in your cattle. Tell your wife and children to stay indoors. Pray God that Harold and his bowmen may be here in time to stop them ! ’

Then began a very strange time for Cedric and Audrey. They and Mother stayed in the farm house or quite close to it all day, while Father and the other men armed with spades and bill hooks, watched the roads and paths. Mother would slip out morning and evening to milk the cows and get a handful of eggs or some vegetables for dinner. Father would come in for his meals with stories of the great army of Norman soldiers that was encamped near the sea coast, with gay banners flying over their tents and their horses grazing on the good English grass.



CEDRIC WATCHES THE NORMAN WARRIORS SET UP THEIR CAMP ON THE SHORE

Then came news that King Harold, who had been fighting some more enemies in the north of England, was riding as fast as he could to the south with his army, to fight the Normans and drive them back into the sea.

The Normans were not going to sit still waiting to be beaten! One day Cedric and Audrey, hiding in the bushes behind the farm, saw a long line of horsemen going up the road that led inland from the sea. One of the riders saw the children in their hiding place and stopped to ask, in good Saxon too, for a drink of water for himself and his horse.

‘I have been riding all day,’ he said, ‘trying to get news of the enemy, and when I got back I found the whole army was moving.’

‘Where are you going?’ asked Cedric.

‘To find our enemy, son,’ said the soldier, ‘and when we find him to beat him.’

‘But *you* are the enemy,’ said Audrey, ‘and our King Harold is going to beat you!’

‘Perhaps we shall know which of us is right by

tomorrow,' said the Norman. 'Thank you for the water, Master Saxon!'

The very next evening, when Mother was getting supper ready, Audrey spinning and Cedric making a net, Father came in and threw his heavy drover's stick on the floor.

'It is all over,' he said, 'we are beaten! Our men could not stand against the charging horses, though the Saxon shields were like a wall, and the Saxon arrows flew like stinging bees. All that was left of Harold's army has gone inland.'

'What about Harold?' asked Mother. 'Where is our King?'

'Harold was killed,' said Father. 'He fought till he could do no more.'

Just at that moment there came a knock at the door. Before anyone could get to the door it opened, and in came the Norman soldier who had asked the children for water the day before. He was leaning on a stick, and his face was streaming with blood. Father picked up his heavy stick again.

But Mother said, 'No, leave him alone, Father. He is badly hurt. He cannot do us or anyone any harm.'

She told the Norman to sit on a stool by the fire. She tied up his wounds, gave him some soup and made a bed for him on some sacks in the corner.

And there he stayed till he was healed. Cedric and Audrey, even Father, forgot that he was their enemy. Duke William made himself King of England, and little by little, as Normans and Saxons got to know each other better, they no longer thought of each other as Normans and Saxons, but as Englishmen.

And that was the last time that a foreign army ever landed on the shores of England.



THE BOY WHO WENT TO RUNNYMEDE

Nearly seven hundred and fifty years ago, Richard Grandville and his sister Yolande lived with their father and mother in a big grey stone castle that stood among the trees, high above one of the banks that border the River Thames.

The children's father was called Sir William de Grandville, their Mother was called Dame Maude. The castle they lived in would have seemed very dark and uncomfortable to you and me. There was very little glass made in those days. The windows in the thick stone walls were just wide slits in the stone, through which the wind came whistling in winter time. The fireplace was on the floor

with a hole in the roof above it. Big logs of wood were kept burning nearly all the year, for the inside of the castle was very cold.

Many of the good things that we eat and drink every day had not been brought to England from far off places in those days. There was no tea or coffee, no sugar, no chocolate. The children had hardly any toys and no books.

But Richard and Yolande were happy and busy all day long. For part of the day they had to do lessons. In those days people like the Grandville family had to speak both French and English. The children had to learn them both, and Latin as well, because a lot of important things were written in Latin.

When lessons were done they could play in the garden under the shelter of the high castle walls, look for wild strawberries in summer and for hazel nuts in autumn in the woods below the castle hill, and sometimes on half-holidays walk down to the edge of the river and bathe.

The King of England in those days was called John. John was not at all a good king. When the children sat at meals with the grown-up people they used to hear much talk about King John.

‘Is the King a very wicked king, Father?’ Richard asked once.

‘Hush, dear,’ said Dame Maude. ‘He is your Sovereign Lord the King. It is not right for a boy to say he is wicked.’

But Richard’s father said, ‘It should not be right for any of his subjects to speak ill of the King’s Majesty. Richard is old enough now to know that England does not belong to the King to do what he likes with, and that Englishmen and Englishwomen, his subjects, are not slaves to be treated as the King pleases. The King himself will have to understand that too.’

One June morning, the children were awakened very early by sounds outside the castle. Yolande came running into Richard’s room on her bare feet to call him to look out of the window.

Into the great courtyard below horsemen were riding. Pages and squires were hurrying here and there. Stablemen were feeding the horses. Dame Maude and the other women of the castle were giving mugs of ale and slices of bread and meat to the riders.

‘What does it all mean, I wonder?’ said Yolande.
‘Are they all going to the wars?’

‘Wherever they are going I want to go too,’ said Richard, who was pulling on his clothes as fast as he could. ‘I’m going to ask Father to take me.’

In the big hall of the castle Sir William de Grandville was talking to the children’s uncle, Sir Eric Stornby. Richard crept up between them.

‘Are you all going to the wars, Father?’ he asked. ‘Do take me with you!’

‘Not to make war, we hope, little Dick,’ said Richard’s uncle, ‘but to make peace; to make sure that there is justice in England for you and all other English boys, not only now but for all the years to come.’

‘Do take me,’ said Richard. ‘I will be so very, very good.’

‘Let us take him, brother William,’ said Richard’s uncle. ‘If all goes as we hope it will go to-day, he will have something to talk of to his children’s children when he is an old man.’

So Richard, shy, just a little frightened, but very, very proud, rode off on his dappled pony between his father, Sir William, and his uncle, Sir Eric, on their great horses, with a whole company of other knights and barons, squires and men-at-arms, riding before and behind them.

It was afternoon when they reached a wide green meadow with the river, that same river Thames that Richard knew so well at home, running beside it. The meadow and the banks of the river were gay with yellow buttercups, blue with forget-me-nots, white with meadowsweet and daisies. From all sides parties of horsemen were riding into the meadow, some stopping to talk to other riders, some going on with stern faces to the river’s

edge, where a bridge had been made of boards laid flat on barges to reach a little island.

On this island a tent had been pitched, at the corner of which a flag was flying.

‘Look well at that banner, boy,’ said Richard’s uncle. ‘It is the standard of England. Where that flag flies there should be right and justice for every man and woman. We are here to-day to make sure that it is so.’

‘Who is that man coming out of the tent now?’ whispered Richard.

‘Take off your cap, boy,’ said Richard’s father. ‘That is King John.’

‘Who is the man dressed like a priest beside him?’ said Richard.

‘That is the great Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury,’ said Sir Eric. ‘The man beside him is the Mayor of London. Never forget, Richard, that these men, and all the rest of the company gathered here to-day have won something for you and for all England.’

‘The King has got a seal in his hand now,’ said Richard excitedly. ‘What is he doing, Uncle Eric?’

‘He is making a promise that all men in England, rich men and poor men alike, shall have justice and free trial, that the King himself must keep the law and pay his debts like the humblest shepherd.’

‘Does the King want to do it, Uncle Eric?’ said Richard. ‘He does not look pleased about it.’

‘He knows if he does not seal it and keep the promise he has made, that he may not be King much longer,’ said Sir Eric sternly. ‘We Englishmen will serve and love and honour a good king, and obey and follow him gladly. But we are free men. We mean to make quite sure that you and your children and all those who come after them shall be free too.’

‘What was it like, Dick?’ asked Yolande that evening, when she and her brother were having

supper together in a corner of the great hall in which the grown-ups were eating. 'Weren't you frightened, alone with all those big armed men on their tall horses?'

'No, I don't think so,' said Dick. 'You see, Father was there and Uncle Eric. I think I might have been frightened of the King if I had been alone with him. He had rather a foxy sort of face. But Uncle Eric said that what I saw the King seal is going to be most tremendously important, not only to you and me, but to all the people who live after us, for hundreds and hundreds of years. He says that now the people who live in England will always be free people. They will make their own laws and never be punished for what they haven't done, and the King, whoever he is, will have to keep the laws too, just like anyone else. Uncle Eric says it ought to be called the Great Charter.'

And that is what we call it still!



THE LITTLE PRINCE OF WALES

Margaret's father had been killed fighting beside King Edward I of England, a king so tall that his soldiers called him Longshanks. Margaret's mother was lady-in-waiting to King Edward's wife, Queen Eleanor. Wherever King Edward went Queen Eleanor went too. Wherever Queen Eleanor went Margaret's mother went too, and wherever Margaret's mother went little Margaret went too, and Margaret's old nurse Betty.

For a long time King Edward and his armies had been fighting in Wales. The King had driven the Welsh soldiers, who had come into England to fight him, back to their own country. The Welsh soldiers were brave fighters, but at last they were beaten. The English had won the war.

The whole party, the King and Queen, with the generals and captains and soldiers, with the lords and ladies of the court, with the grooms and maids and servants, were living in a big castle in Wales. The Welsh princes had sent a messenger to this castle to tell King Edward that they wanted to make peace.

Margaret had seen this messenger, with a white handkerchief tied over his eyes and an English soldier leading his horse, ride over the drawbridge into the castle yard. She had heard Nurse Betty talking to Mair, the Queen's old Welsh servant, about the messenger.

He had brought word, said old Mair, that the Welsh chiefs and princes asked the King to choose

one prince to be head of all the other princes in Wales. They had said that they would live quietly then, that they would do what this prince told them, and promise not to fight any more against the English nor try to attack England.

‘They have asked the King,’ said old Mair, ‘that this prince should be a good man, that he should have been born in Wales, and that he should not be able to speak any English or any French.’

‘Well, please God, someone will find them the sort of man they want,’ said Nurse Betty, ‘and then we can all go home!’

It was cold in that big stone castle with the winds whistling round it; very cold in the little room, high up in the tower, where Margaret was sitting.

Margaret’s mother had been all day with the Queen. Betty had gone off too. No one seemed to have remembered that Margaret had had nothing to eat since breakfast. Margaret had almost decided to begin to cry, when there came

the sound of someone racing, very fast, up the winding stairs.

It was Joanna, one of the Queen's young maids-of-honour.

'News, Margaret!' she cried. 'All sorts of exciting news! The Queen has had a lovely son! A prince, Margaret! A splendid boy, born in this grim, cold castle! We shall have a splendid christening, and a gay dance perhaps. We shall all have new clothes, I hope! And that isn't all. The Welsh princes, when they said they would make peace with the King, asked the King to choose a Prince for them. The King has said that he will do what they have asked him. A messenger is riding now, as fast as his horse can carry him, to tell the Welshmen to come to the castle.'

There was plenty for Margaret to think about and to look at now! She and Joanna ran down the narrow twisting stairs and out on to the terrace of the castle. Looking over the stone wall they could see a long line of men coming up by the

rough stony road to the castle—the Welsh princes, with their soldiers behind them, coming to make peace with the English King.

They were fierce looking men, Margaret thought. She might have felt rather frightened if she had not known how many strong English soldiers were guarding the castle.

A servant came out on to the broad terrace over the big courtyard in which the Welsh princes were gathering, and hung the English flag over the low stone wall.

‘The King is going to speak to the Welsh princes from there,’ said Joanna. ‘We shall have a wonderful view of him.’

‘Look!’ said Margaret, ‘the King is coming out now!’

Margaret could never look at King Edward without a sort of gulp of excitement. He was so big and so brave. He had fought in so many battles. Yet she had often heard him laugh at a joke with the Queen, and had seen him playing with his

children, just like any ordinary father. Now, as he stood alone, with his royal mantle on his shoulders and his crown on his head, looking at the throng of Welshmen beneath him, he looked like a great king.

‘What is he saying?’ Margaret asked Joanna.

‘He is telling the Welshmen that he is ready to make peace with them,’ said Joanna. ‘He is saying that he hears that they want a prince of their own to rule over them, a prince born in Wales, who can speak neither English nor French. The King says he will give them such a prince. . . . Oh! Margaret, look, look!’

Joanna caught Margaret’s arm.

‘See who is coming out on the terrace,’ she cried. ‘It is Mair, the Queen’s old Welsh nurse, carrying—what is she carrying? Why, it is a baby!’

The King took the bundle of clothes that wrapped up the baby in his arms. Margaret could hear what he was saying now.



KING EDWARD HOLDS THE BABY PRINCE ABOVE HIS HEAD
TO SHOW HIM TO THE PEOPLE

THE LITTLE PRINCE OF WALES

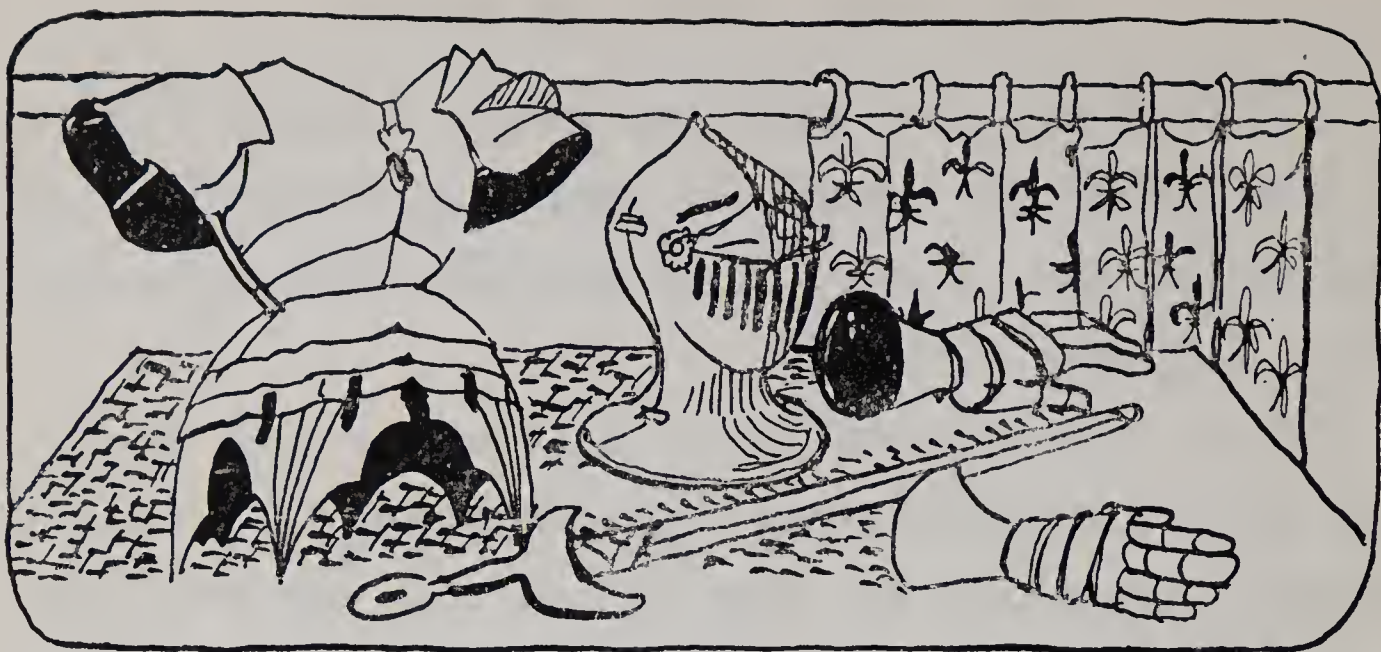
‘ This is my son,’ said the King, ‘ born in Wales, in this castle. He speaks neither English nor French and, so far as I know, in all his life till now he has done nothing wrong ! ’

There was a great burst of cheering and shouting and laughing from the Welshmen. Joanna caught Margaret by her hands and whirled her round and round. English soldiers began popping out of every corner to shout and cheer too. Women at the windows leaned out and waved their hands.

King Edward held the baby, wrapped in his bundle of shawls, high up in his arms.

‘ Here he is,’ he called to the cheering, laughing Welshmen in front of him. ‘ This is your ruler ! This is the Prince of Wales ! ’

And from that day to this the King’s eldest son has always been the Prince of Wales.



THE MAID OF FRANCE

Genevieve had never known a time when France had not been at war, when there were not tired soldiers coming to the door of her father's farm, asking for something to eat, wanting to sleep in the barn or to warm themselves by the fire.

The English had taken part of France. The English king, who was a little boy, was the son of a French princess. The English people, and a lot of French people too, wanted this little King of England to be King of France. But there were

many French people who did not want an English king. They wanted the son of their own last king to reign over them.

So the French people were fighting each other as well as fighting the English. The soldiers trampled down the corn fields. Robbers went about the country taking what they wanted for themselves.

‘What is to become of us all?’ said Genevieve’s father, Farmer Jacques.

One day, when Farmer Jacques came back from the market town, he brought with him a strange man and a little boy.

‘This is my cousin Pierre,’ said Farmer Jacques to Genevieve’s mother, Martha. ‘We have not met since we were boys. He comes from Lorraine. Strange things have been happening there. Pierre has told me a wonderful story.’

Genevieve crept closer to the grown-ups. She liked the look of the little boy, and a story was always interesting.

‘Pierre tells me,’ said Farmer Jacques, ‘that a girl he knows, the daughter of a farmer of Domremy, the next village to Pierre’s own village, is now leading the armies that are fighting the English. Yes, Mother, you may well do that,’—for Genevieve’s mother had thrown up her hands in amazement. ‘This Joan of Arc, as they call her, is just a simple country girl, Pierre says, such a one as our Genevieve might be in eight or nine years, eh, Genevieve?’

‘She is a good girl, too,’ said Farmer Pierre, who was sitting on the wooden bench by the fire with his little boy beside him. ‘She is always going to Church and saying her prayers. She says, and her father and mother believe it, that the Saints of God have told her to fight the English and save France. She has already beaten the English soldiers and driven them away from Orleans. Now she has gone to the old King’s son, the Dauphin Charles, who ought to be King of France, and she is taking him to Rheims to be crowned by the

Archbishop. I am going to Rheims too. Wonderful things are happening in France to-day and I want to see some of them. I am taking young Martin with me, so that he may see something to tell his grandchildren when he is an old man.'

'Rheims,' said Farmer Jacques. 'That isn't far away! What do you think, Mother? Shall I go too?'

'And leave me to look after the cows and pigs, I suppose,' said Mother Martha, 'and stop the soldiers from stealing the eggs and keep my eye on Genevieve!'

Genevieve could see that her mother wasn't really cross. She crept up close to her.

'Oh, Mother,' she whispered, 'do, do, DO let me go with Father to see the girl from Domremy giving his crown to the King.'

'What do you say to that, Mother?' said Farmer Jacques. 'If I take Genevieve you'll have one thing less to look after. We won't be gone for more than a couple of days. Pierre

has his own horse and I'll take the grey.'

'The world seems all upside down,' said Mother Martha, 'with a farmer's daughter fighting the English.'

'Another farmer's daughter can have a treat,' said Father Jacques. 'You and Martin can sleep here tonight, Pierre, and the four of us will be off to Rheims in the morning!'

So the little party set out, Genevieve behind her father on one horse and Martin behind his father on the other, with some loaves of bread, sausages, and a bottle of wine in a leather bag slung over Farmer Jacques' shoulder.

As they got nearer to Rheims they found more and more people on the roads, all going in the same direction. Now they could see the great towers of Rheims Cathedral rising up out of the vineyards. They left their horses at an inn close to the walls of the city, and walked on through the narrow cobbled streets, with the top storeys of the wooden houses nearly meeting over their heads.

The streets were crowded with people all going in the same direction.

Genevieve caught hold of Martin's hand as they came in sight of the Cathedral. What a lot of people there were round the walls! Soldiers in armour, ladies in long dresses and enormous hats, monks in straight robes, beggars and market women, and street singers and jugglers. Above all the noise made by the crowds of people was the far louder noise of the bells.

The huge doors of the Cathedral were open. Farmer Jacques, Pierre and the two children pushed their way in with the crowd. The great stone pillars looked to Genevieve like the trunks of trees in one of the forests at home. The light through the stained glass windows made coloured shapes on the floor.

'Let's stop here,' said Farmer Pierre.

'Your children can stand on this stone tomb,' said a woman beside them, 'and look over the people's heads.'

Genevieve could hear the high voices of the boys singing, the deep voices of the priests saying prayers. She could make out the moving figures. Someone was kneeling down.

‘That is Prince Charles, the Dauphin,’ whispered the woman beside her. ‘See the Archbishop is touching him with the holy oil. Now he is putting the crown on his head. He is our King now, God bless him!’

‘Where is Joan of Arc, the girl from the village of Domremy?’ said Martin.

‘Do you see that figure in shining silver armour close to the King?’ said the woman. ‘That is Joan, the Maid of Orleans. The soldiers called her that when she saved Orleans from the English.’

‘Now they are all moving,’ said Genevieve.

‘They are coming down the Church to the great door,’ said Farmer Pierre. ‘They must pass close to us.’

Louder and louder sounded the music. First came the singing boys. Then came the priests and

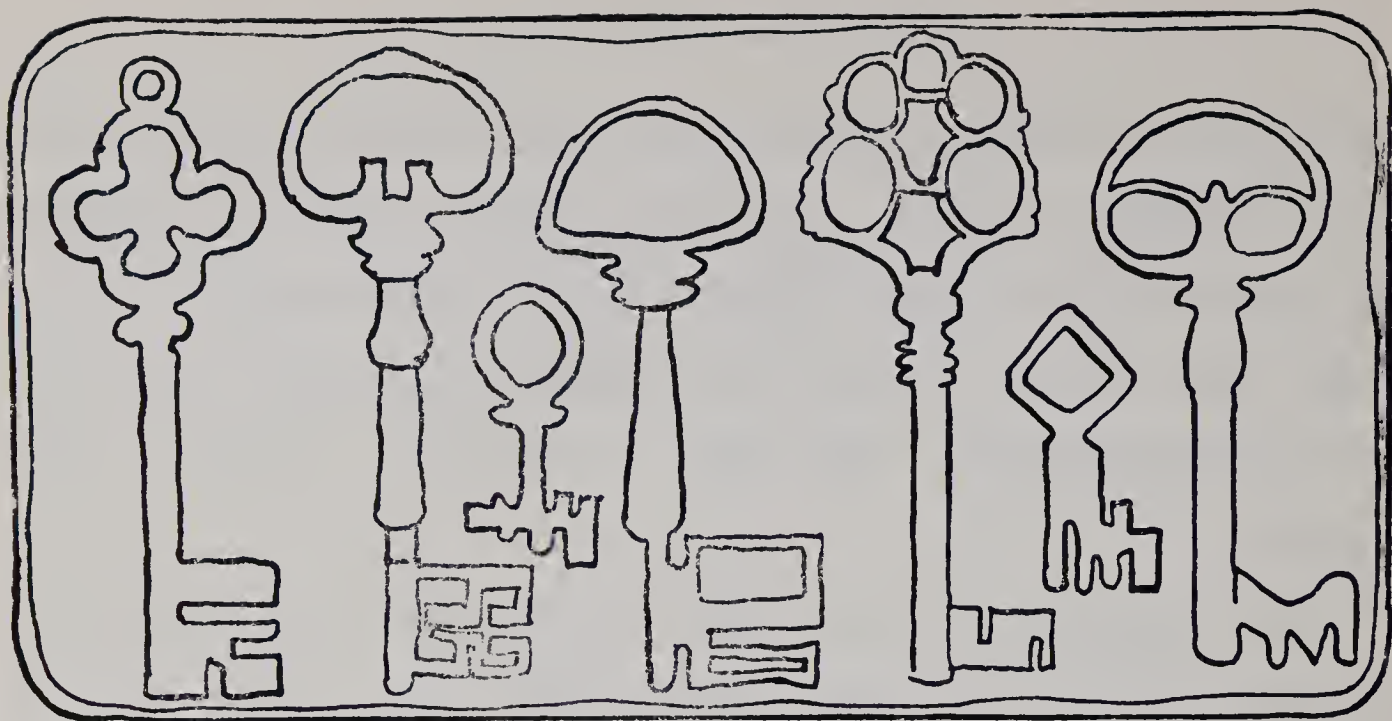


THE PROCESSION LEAVES THE GREAT CATHEDRAL WHERE
THE KING OF FRANCE HAS BEEN CROWNED

bishops in their splendid robes; then the knights and the soldiers. Then, walking alone with his crown on his head, walked King Charles of France. Behind him was a figure in shining armour, a great sword hanging by her side. Was it? Yes, it was a girl!

The crowds in the Church pushed forward to see the King, and the Maid who had made him a King.

‘Mother,’ said Genevieve, when they were all safely at home again. ‘It was all wonderful and beautiful, but the most wonderful and beautiful of all was Joan of Arc, the girl from Domremy, who had fought in those dreadful battles. I shall, never, never forget her as long as I live.’



THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE

There was a Queen of Scotland called Mary who was very beautiful. Some of her subjects would have done anything in the world for their young and lovely Queen. But some did not like her at all.

These enemies of Queen Mary made her a prisoner and shut her up in a castle. The castle was built on a small island in the middle of a lake called Loch Leven. There was no way of escaping from it except by boat. The boats on the shore of the island were always watched during the

day. At night the doors of the castle were locked so that no one could get out and the great iron keys were given to the owner of the castle, who was called the Lady of Loch Leven.

It did not seem as if the Queen could possibly escape. All day she would sit at the window of her room in the castle, looking across the lake to her own country of Scotland. At night she would talk to the friends who were prisoners with her, wondering how they could get away.

Among the friends of the Queen who were with her was a young man called William Douglas. Young William came to the Queen as she sat sewing by her window, and began to talk to her. First he talked about the weather; then he talked about the trout that he hoped to catch in the lake. Then, after looking out of the window to make sure that no one was listening underneath, he said very quickly, 'If your Majesty could be landed safely on the shore across the lake, could you possibly get away to safety?'

The Queen gave a gasp.

‘ If I could get across the lake ? ’ she said, ‘ Why *of course* I could escape then ! My friends on the mainland are all waiting to help me. Every night when I look out of my window I can see the lights shining that tell me they are on the watch. If I were to put a light in my own window they would know that I was coming to join them. But dear William, good William, how can you do anything when we are all locked up every night in this strong place as if we were wild beasts ? ’

‘ Say nothing to anyone,’ said William Douglas, ‘ but wait and see ! ’

Every evening, when all the doors of the castle had been locked, the great bunch of the keys of the castle was carried into the hall where the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting sat with the Lady of Loch Leven. The keys were laid on the table in the middle of the hall. When the Lady of Loch Leven went to bed she took the keys with her and slept with them under her pillow.

THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE

Now young William Douglas, before he came to Loch Leven castle, had worked with the blacksmith at his father's house. Every evening William looked at that bunch of keys, till he knew their size and shape by heart, how many were rusty and how many were clean. Then he went, every day, when the blacksmith was having his dinner, to the blacksmith's forge behind the castle and made imitation keys that looked exactly like the real keys of the castle. Some of them he put in water to make them rusty and some he rubbed bright. It would have been a very clever person who could have told which was the real bunch of keys and which was the false one.

One evening the keys were brought in as usual and put on the table by the Lady of Loch Leven. The Queen had a young lady-in-waiting called Katharine who was sitting by the window looking out into the dark night. Just as the Lady of Loch Leven was going to pick up the bunch of keys young Katharine called out quickly.

‘A light!’ she said. ‘I see a light on the mainland!’

‘A light?’ said the old lady. ‘There is no house within miles of that country.’

She went over to the window to look out.

The moment her back was turned William Douglas put a piece of cloth over the real keys to keep them from rattling, put them into his pocket and put the false keys down in the place of the real ones.

‘I see no light, foolish girl,’ said the Lady of Loch Leven. ‘You would do better to keep your eyes on your needlework instead of staring out of the window!’

Then she picked up the false keys, with a little rattle to remind the Queen that she was a prisoner, made a stiff curtsy to the Queen at the door and went to bed.

‘Now,’ said the Queen, very softly, though her eyes were shining with excitement, ‘let us hurry to the shore! I put a signal light in my window



WILLIAM DOUGLAS CHANGES THE KEYS WHILE THE LADY OF LOCH LEVEN IS LOOKING
OUT OF THE WINDOW

this evening to tell my friends that I was coming. My little bundle is hidden in the hall. Katharine is ready too. Oh! Can it really be true that we shall be free and out of this dreadful castle tonight? Can you unlock the great door without making a noise?'

'I put oil on the lock this evening,' said William.

'And the oars of the boat?' said the Queen. 'Have you tied some stuff round to muffle them?'

'I have done that too,' said William.

Down the sloping shore they crept. The Queen and Katharine took off their high-heeled shoes for fear they should make a rattle on the stones, and walked in their stockings. Both had put thin black veils over their faces and kept their white hands hidden in their cloaks.

'Here is the boat,' whispered William. 'I have put your Majesty's bundle of clothes in the stern. Not one word now. The old lady may be listening at her window.'

THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE

‘Row fast, William,’ said Queen Mary. ‘Row faster than you have ever rowed before.’

‘I see a light on the shore!’ cried Katharine.

‘They saw my signal!’ said the Queen. ‘My friends will be waiting for me. Oh, good William, how can I ever thank you!’

The boat touched the shore. William jumped out and pulled the boat up the beach. The figures of men came out of the shadow of the trees. One of the men went down on one knee among the wet stones and kissed the Queen’s hand.

‘Welcome to Your Majesty,’ he said. ‘We were wondering when you would come to us.’

‘What I am wondering,’ said William to Katharine, ‘is what the old lady will say when she finds out that we have gone!’



LIGHTING THE BEACON

Patience Downover's father was the Rector of Brockworthy in Devonshire. Patience had never been out of Devon in her life. She didn't want to go. Devonshire, said Patience, was the place from which had come many of the greatest men of England—Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir John Hawkins.

Patience heard about London from Roger Carey, Squire Carey's son. Roger was a Westminster school-boy. He had seen Her Grace, Queen Elizabeth, riding through the narrow cobbled streets of Westminster on her way to review her troops at Tilbury, and the great Lord Burleigh, Her Grace's

Minister of State, hurrying to a meeting of her Council, with his head bent, deep in thought.

Brockworthy Rectory and Brockworthy Manor, where Squire Carey lived, were near to each other.

When Roger was at home Patience had someone with whom to go primrosing or blackberrying, someone to talk to over the fire on winter evenings. For Patience was an only child, and her mother was dead, and Roger's brother was away at sea, and his sister married.

When Roger came home from school in the summer of the year 1588 there was only one thing to talk about, and that was the Great Armada ; the huge fleet of ships, with all their guns and all their men, that King Philip of Spain was sending to try and conquer England.

Roger had a cross-bow and an old rusty sword that his father said had been used in the Wars of the Roses.

Roger liked to flourish this sword. 'Let the Spaniards come,' he would say, 'and they will

find out what Englishmen will do to them.'

Patience wasn't quite so sure that she wanted the enemy to land, though she was quite sure that they would be driven away again. The thought of dark foreign men, with black beards and sharp swords, swarming up the combe from the sea, could be rather frightening. But when Patience went down the village street and found Squire Carey ready with his musket, or drilling his men, teaching the ploughman how to aim at a mark and the cobbler how to sharpen a sword, when she saw the pile of rakes and flails, of spades and bludgeons stacked round the village well, she felt that there was no need to be frightened. Her own village could keep her safe from the Spaniards.

Now, as the summer went on, there was more and more talk in every Devon village about the great Spanish fleet.

It had sailed from the port of Lisbon, in Portugal, said one. No, it had tried to sail, said another, but a storm at sea had frightened the Lord High

Admiral, and the great fleet had gone back to harbour.

‘Fancy our Sir Francis, or any Devon seaman, turning back if he met a storm!’ said Patience scornfully to Roger.

‘Father says they will come, no matter what storms they meet,’ said Roger, ‘and better too, he says, for that will give us our chance of destroying them.’

Every evening now, after work was over, all those who were not drilling and shooting went out into the woods and up to the edge of the moor and brought great bundles of fuel to the churchyard—faggots and logs, dried gorse bushes and sacks of fir cones. All these were hauled up the steep ladder-like steps to the top of Brockworthy Church tower, piled in a great heap, and a tar barrel put on top.

When the Spanish Fleet came within sight of land, a line of signal fires was to awaken the whole of England.

It was a wild, wet summer. The wind blew up the combe from the sea, down the combe from the moor. Parson Downover was always making an excuse to ride into the nearest town on the chance of meeting some traveller from Plymouth or Exeter, who might have news of the Spaniards.

‘Sir Francis is ready, so say they all,’ said Parson Downover to Patience and Roger, who were always waiting at the Rectory gate to see his stout pony turn the corner of the lane. ‘The Spanish mariners have great ships, no doubt,’ he said to someone who asked him how he thought the fight would go. ‘But our mariners have great hearts. With God’s good help the great hearts will win the day.’

‘Father says we shall see the beacon fire lit on the next steeple,’ said Roger to Patience, ‘and that we must light ours then.’

So it was that on the evening of the 19th of July, just as the dusk was falling, there was a wild rattle of hoofs down the lane from the moor.



THE BEACONS FLAME FROM TOWER AND HILLTOP AS THE ENEMY IS SIGHTED

A boy's shrill voice came screaming down the village street.

‘ The signal ! The signal ! The beacons are lit on the Tors ! ’

Patience had been sitting with her embroidery frame, close to the window of the Rectory parlour, to get the last of the daylight. She threw her work on to the floor, jumped out of the window, and away down to the Church. She reached the door of the Church tower just as Roger dismounted. He left his pony to look after itself, and was off up the tower steps.

A one-legged sailor, who had been to the Indies with Sir Francis Drake, had heard Roger's shout and was hopping on his crutch up the narrow, worn, stone stairs with a spluttering torch in his hand. Roger would have squeezed past him, but the old sailor had something to light the beacon with, which Roger, in his hurry to get up the tower, had quite forgotten ! Patience was at Roger's heels.

LIGHTING THE BEACON

The sailor's torch was nearly blown out by the strong wind that swept over the high open roof. He poked it into the tar barrel and then, blazing grandly, into the dry tinder at the base of the pile.

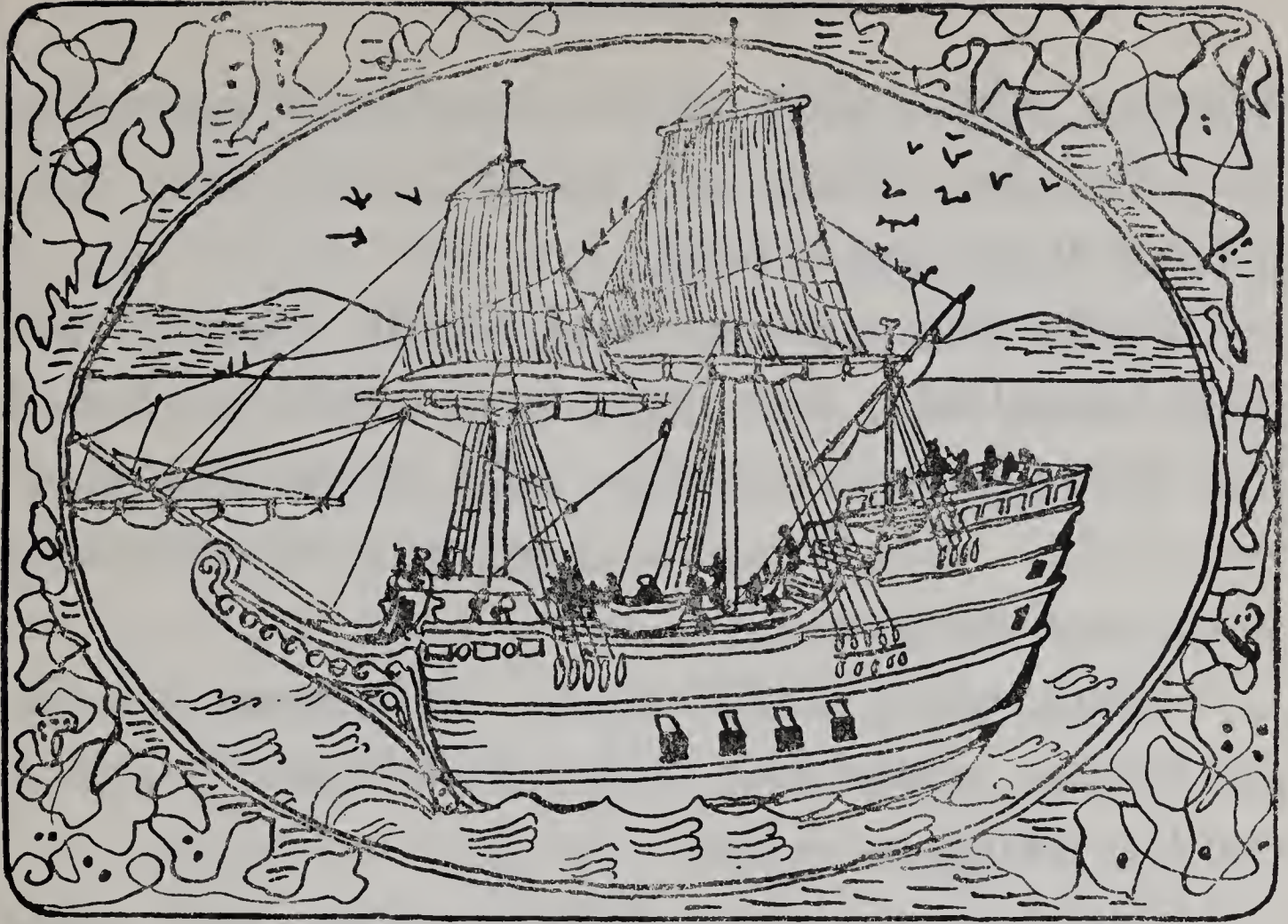
Crack, crack, went the sticks ! The smoke came out, filling the children's eyes with tears. The flames crept up the pile like red fingers, snatching higher and higher, till they reached the tar barrel. Then, like a great banner, the fire streamed out into the darkening sky.

From below in the cobbled street came the sounds of voices shouting, of the ring of pikes on the stones. The village defenders were out and ready.

Parson Downover had also heard Roger clattering past, and had climbed the tower after the children, but more slowly.

Now he wiped away the tears that the smoke had brought into his eyes, and took off his shovel hat.

'God guard our men and our ships and give them victory,' he said. 'God save the Queen.'



THE NEW WORLD

Dorcas held her aunt's hand very tightly. She did not listen to what her mother was saying. She would not look at the good ship *Mayflower* dipping up and down in the breeze.

Dorcas could only think that she was to sail away, this very morning, with her father and mother in that ship, to a strange new world called

America, where they could all say their prayers in the way they liked, and that Charity, her only sister, was staying behind.

Charity was delicate and small. Uncle and Aunt Goodbody, who had a farm in Cornwall, had said that Charity could live with them, like their own child. But Dorcas was going to America with father and mother.

‘Come, wife,’ said Father. ‘The boat is waiting for us. Good-bye, Sister Goodbody. Thank you for taking our child.’

‘Good-bye, my dear little Dorcas,’ said Aunt Goodbody. ‘God bless you.’

‘Stop crying at once, Dorcas, and come!’ said Father sternly.

Dorcas stumbled down the green slope after Father and Mother, hoping that she would be drowned.

It seemed to Dorcas that the voyage lasted years and years. There were a hundred and fifty people on board the little *Mayflower*. The one cabin in

which they lived was nearly always dark and had very little air. Sometimes the sea was terribly rough, so that the passengers, lying close to each other on the hard boards, were rolled from side to side of the cabin with each roll of the ship. Sometimes they were thrown from end to end when the ship pitched.

Sometimes the fog was so thick that it seemed to be smothering the ship. No one dared eat too much of the food they had with them as they did not know how long the voyage might take, nor what they might find when they got to the other side.

At last, two months and three days after Dorcas had said good-bye to Charity in England, the captain told his passengers that he could see the New World.

It looked a very cold, ugly world. There did not seem to be any living person in it. But no one wanted to sail down the coast to look for another place to land.

The men went ashore first. The women and children had to stay on board the *Mayflower* till the men had built little houses for them to live in.

It was still very cold when the houses were ready and the women and children landed. There was very little to eat.

But when the *Mayflower* set sail again for England in the spring, and Dorcas could write a letter to Charity, everything seemed better. The sun was shining, the fields and gardens that the men had dug and planted were already green. The wild Indians who lived in the woods, that had frightened Dorcas so terribly when she had first landed, had been frightened themselves by the shotguns fired at them by the men of the village. The village itself was now called New Plymouth, which made it sound more like home.

Dorcas still found the Indians rather frightening. Sometimes they used to hide behind the trees and then suddenly shoot with bows and arrows at anyone who belonged to New Plymouth. Sometimes



THE PILGRIMS SETTLE DOWN IN THEIR NEW ENGLAND HOME

they used to hunt the wild deer in the forest with terrible shrieks and yells that drove the English children, crying, into their own houses.

But the men of the village had guns. The Indians could not understand the guns at all, and did not dare come near them. But an Indian called Squanto, who had been to England and spoke English, helped the Indians and the people of New Plymouth to understand each other.

When the Pilgrims, as the English people called themselves, had reaped their first harvest in America they had a Thanksgiving Day, with a good dinner for everyone. Dorcas' father was always busy, working in the fields, building sheds for his cattle, or making things for their own little house. Mother was always busy too, cooking, washing, spinning, weaving, and making clothes, talking sometimes, when Father was not there to listen, about home and their friends in England. Dorcas went to school with the other children and came home to help Mother in the house and garden. Dorcas

had lots of friends among the other children. If only Charity had been there to play with them too !

One day, about a year after they had landed, Dorcas was with her mother in their little wooden house, when a man came running, looking for Father to tell him that there was a ship off the coast. It was wonderful to see a ship at all. Everyone in the village left off work and went down to the edge of the sea to look at it.

When the ship came nearer the captain shouted that he was from England and that he had some people on board who wanted to land.

‘ Oh, Mother ! ’ said Dorcas. ‘ Perhaps the ship has brought me a letter from Charity. ’

It brought more than that, for when the ship was near the shore and the captain let down a boat, Dorcas could see that a little girl was one of the people getting into it.

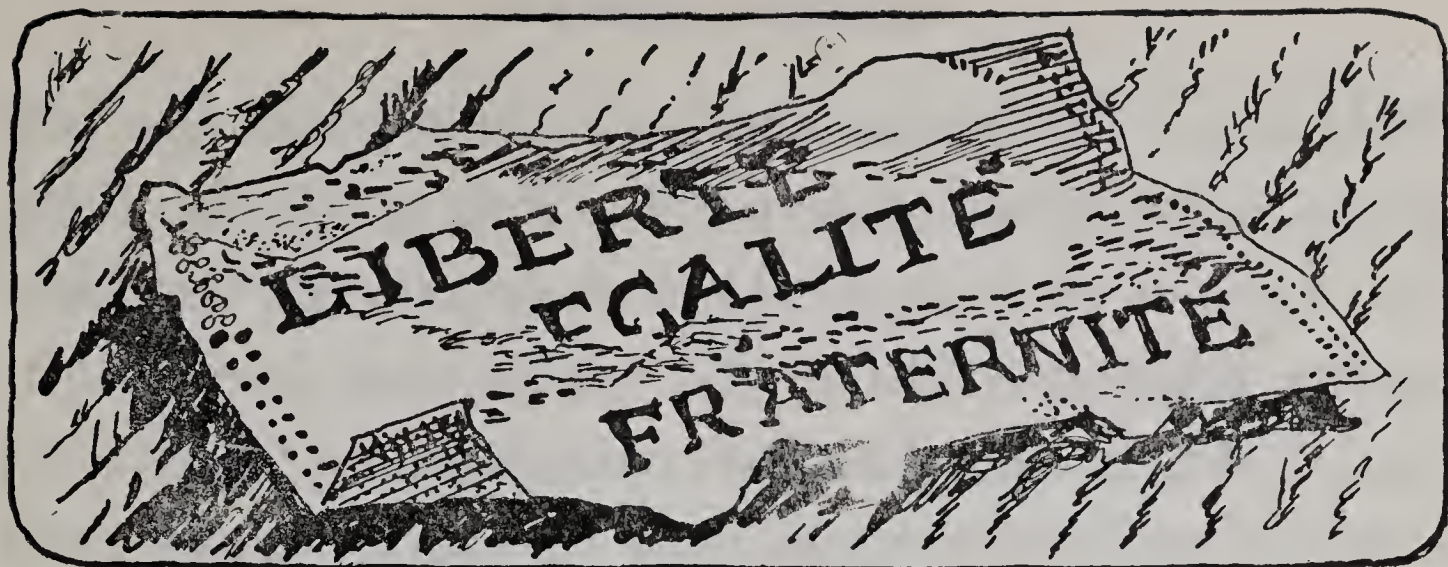
Nearer the boat came, and nearer. The little girl stood up and waved her hands. Was she ? Could it possibly be ? Yes ! It *was* Charity !

When the boat touched the shore Dorcas was waiting, up to her ankles in the water, and she and Charity just fell into each other's arms !

What a lot there was to hear and tell ! How kind Uncle Goodbody had died and Aunt had not wanted to look after the farm herself. How she had heard of this ship that was going to take some Pilgrims to join the others at New Plymouth ; how she had sold the farm and packed up her things and started off on that long, dreadful voyage with Charity.

‘ And here we are,’ said Aunt Goodbody, ‘ arrived at the very place where you are all living.’

‘ Now you have come,’ said Dorcas, who kept squeezing Charity's hand as if she could hardly believe that she was real, ‘ you must never, never go away again !’



AN ANGRY CROWD

Paul lived with his father and mother in a big house in Paris. The house was built round a courtyard in which grew a tall walnut tree. The branches of this tree brushed against the window of Paul's room.

The great gates of the courtyard were always shut except when Paul's father and mother drove through them in their big swaying coach. Then Paul could see people peering in, frightening looking people in ragged clothes, with thin arms and legs and angry faces.

Not very long ago Paul had himself gone out in the coach to other big houses to play with other

children. Once, dressed in his best suit, he had gone with his mother to the Palace of the King and Queen of France. He had bowed very low to the King and Queen, as his mother had taught him. Then another boy, not much older than Paul himself, had come into the room and called Paul to play with him. They had a splendid game pretending to be soldiers and to shoot at each other from behind the gilt chairs. Paul's mother told him afterwards that this boy was the Dauphin, the son of the King and Queen of France.

Now the great coach never went into the streets. There were no parties, no pretty clothes. Father seemed always too busy to talk to Paul. Mother cried a great deal. She no longer wore her lovely dresses and jewels, nor had her hair dressed in curls and whitened with powder.

Paul's nurse had gone away. There were no tall footmen to open and shut the front door. But Paul's best friend was still there. This friend was called Gaston. Gaston was father's groom.

He had taught Paul to ride, and Paul liked nothing so much as to be allowed to play with Gaston in the stables behind the house.

One night, when Paul was nearly asleep, Mother came into his room. She did not look like Mother at all. She was dressed like a young man in breeches, and all her lovely hair had been cut off. She took Paul in her arms and told him that she and Father had to go away, but that very soon, she hoped, Gaston would take Paul to join them.

‘Be good and brave,’ she said, ‘and whatever Gaston tells you to do, do it!’

After that there was no one at all in the big house but little Paul. Gaston came in every day with food for Paul. He told Paul not to look out of the windows and to make no noise.

‘We don’t want the people in the streets to know that there is anyone in the house,’ he said.

‘But where are Father and Mother?’ said Paul.
‘Why can’t I go to them?’

‘Wait, have patience,’ said Gaston.

Then one night, when Paul was feeling especially lonely and rather frightened, for the people in the streets had been shouting all day under the windows, Gaston came into the room.

‘We must go now, little Master,’ he said. ‘People are saying that there is someone hidden in this house. Tonight those people you hear shouting in the streets will break down the doors and come in. They are watching the doors now. We must get out by another way.’

‘May I take my little sword?’ asked Paul.

‘Take nothing,’ said Gaston. He went to the window and looked out. There was a little light from the half moon in the sky. One of the boughs of a walnut tree came close to the window.

Gaston wrapped Paul in a piece of sacking, leaving only his head free, and slung him, like a bundle, over his back.

‘Shut your eyes, my son,’ he said, ‘and say your prayers.’

Then he got out of the window and, clinging and sliding by the boughs of the tree, he reached the courtyard wall and dropped on to the soft straw outside the stables on the other side.

‘That was a brave boy,’ he said, ‘and we haven’t done with our adventures yet! Here is a bit of bread that I have stolen for you, and a cup of milk. Now,’ Gaston pulled a mattress from the shadow of the wall, ‘I am going to wrap you up in this mattress.’

It was not comfortable, wrapped up in the middle of the mattress. Gaston put a pillow case over the back of Paul’s head, so that it looked as if he had tied up a pillow in the mattress.

‘Remember,’ said Gaston, ‘not a word, not a sound! We must go through streets full of people.’

Gaston hoisted the mattress with Paul inside it on to a small two-wheeled cart. Rattle, rattle, over the cobble stones. Now they were in the street. Paul could hear loud voices round him and see the flicker of torches.

‘ Citizen, stop ! ’ shouted an angry voice.
‘ What are you taking away ? ’

‘ Just what you see,’ Paul heard Gaston say.
‘ A roll of good bedding for my poor old mother, who has lain too long upon straw. She will sleep better tonight than the lady of the big house.’

‘ That is right,’ said another voice. ‘ Good dreams to your mother, citizen ! ’

Rattle, rattle, went the cart over the stones. Paul was cold. His limbs were cramped and aching. Then, after what seemed like hours, the cart went bump, bump, bump down hill and stopped.

‘ You were a brave boy,’ said Gaston.

When he was out of the mattress, Paul was so stiff that he could hardly stand. It was a still dark night, though he seemed to have been hours and hours in that mattress. By the faint light of the half moon he could see that they were close to water and that there was a boat tied to a post beside them.



THE ANGRY CITIZENS CROWD ROUND THE BARROW

‘The mattress can make a bed for the fishes,’ said Gaston, pushing it into the dark stream beside them. ‘Get into the boat, little Master, and I will pull the straw over you.’

Through the sticks of straw that tickled his face, Paul could watch Gaston pushing the boat along the narrow stream with a pole.

He could see the tall shapes of houses above them, and sometimes a glimpse of the moon looking from behind a cloud. Once, when their stream passed an open space, Paul could see a crowd of men and women carrying torches and shouting wildly round a great house, as people had shouted round the walls outside Paul’s own home when he was inside it.

Then, someone was shaking him.

‘Wake up, little Master!’ said Gaston. ‘Look where we are now!’

Paul rubbed his eyes. Where was the great city of Paris with its houses and its people? It was daylight now, and their boat was in a broad

river with trees and fields and farms on either side. Gaston was sitting on a bench in the boat, rowing. Just ahead of them was a little sailing ship tied to a buoy, with two people leaning over the side. One of them was waving.

‘ Who is it, Gaston ? ’ said Paul. ‘ Where are we going ? When shall we find Father and Mother ? ’

Just then the man who was leaning over the side of the sailing boat, put his hands to his mouth and shouted.

‘ Gaston ! Gaston ! ’ he called. ‘ Here we are. Come up close to us. ’

‘ Oh, Gaston ! ’ shouted Paul. ‘ It is Father and Mother ! ’



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

For weeks William and Caroline had talked about nothing but the Great Exhibition.

It had been built, of shining glass, in the middle of Hyde Park, in far away London. It was nearly a third of a mile long, from end to end. Two thousand workmen had put it up. Big trees and bushes had been shut up inside it. Little wild birds had been shut up in it too, and would very likely build their nests and lay their eggs in what must seem to them like fairyland.

The most exciting thing of all about the Great Exhibition was that William and Caroline would

actually see it. Papa and Mama were going to take them to stay with Grandpapa and Grandmama in London, where neither of the children had ever been before. They were to travel for the first time by the railroad. Mrs. Grim, Mama's maid, was already stitching away at new clothes for them to wear.

Grandpapa was a Member of Parliament. He and Grandmama had been invited to see the Queen open the Great Exhibition. Grandpapa had been given tickets that would let Papa and Mama and William and Caroline, go to the Exhibition and see the opening too.

So, very early on the morning of the 1st of May, William and Caroline were packed into the big carriage with Grandpapa and Grandmama, Papa and Mama. There was also a big hamper of food. So many people were going to see the Queen open the Exhibition that the drive would take a long time. When they had been more than two hours on the way the children were very

glad to have drinks of milk and to nibble biscuits, while the grown-up people ate sausage rolls and drank coffee.

At last they reached the gates of Hyde Park. There was the gigantic gleaming building that someone had called a Crystal Palace!

‘Get out quickly,’ said Mama, ‘and don’t step on Grandmama’s dress.’

And there they were, inside.

At first it seemed almost too big and too wonderful. The glass roof looked as high as the sky. Even the people, the ladies in their best shawls and bonnets, the gentlemen in tight trousers or breeches, some of them in gold laced uniforms, did not seem as if they could be quite real.

There was a long time to wait before the Queen came and Papa took William and Caroline to look at some of the wonderful things on the stalls.

There were sharp fierce looking swords from Spain, watches from little Switzerland, carpets and shawls from Egypt, silks and china from France.

Papa took the children to see the things made in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other far off parts of the world. Then they saw the Indian part of the Exhibition, where Indians were sitting cross-legged on the ground, making patterns on metal pots. They saw a Chinese mandarin in a long blue silk gown, with a little cap on his head and a pigtail coming from inside the cap, and coal-black African natives with woolly hair, and young ladies from Spain with short skirts and hair like gypsies, and then it was time to go back to the Great Hall to see the Queen arrive.

Grandmama and Mama were already in their places on a very long bench with, as it seemed to the children, hundreds of other ladies. Grandpapa stood behind Grandmama. Papa stood behind Mama. William and Caroline sat on the ground at Mama's feet.

They were only just in time. There was a loud blowing of trumpets outside the huge doors.

All the ladies sitting on the benches stood up at once, with such a rustle of skirts that it sounded as if the wind were blowing.

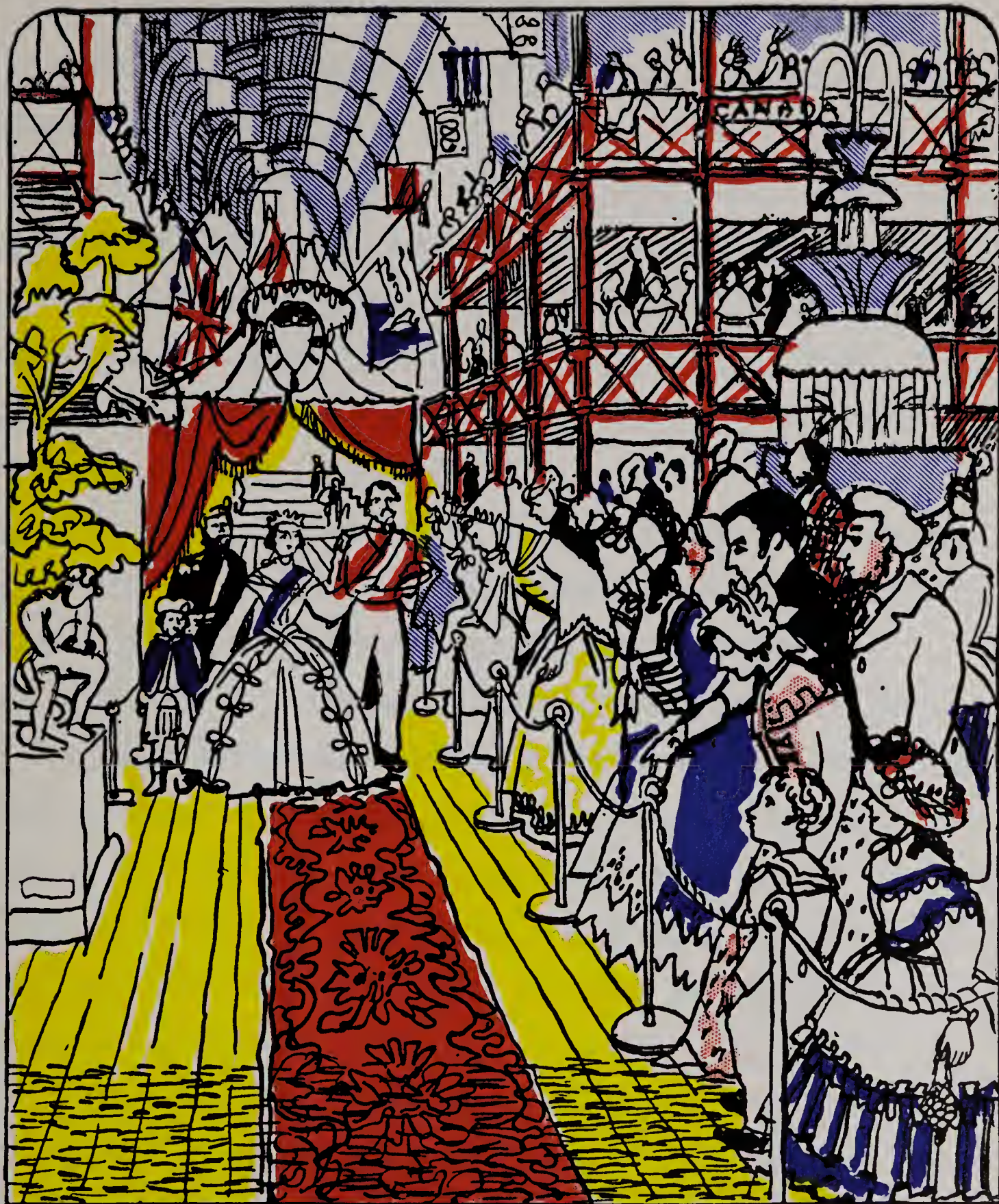
Caroline and William stood up too. Caroline caught hold of William's hand. It was almost too exciting!

First in the procession came the Royal Heralds, looking, the children thought, just like figures out of the pack of cards. Then a great many not very interesting looking gentlemen who, Papa whispered, were the people who had arranged all about the Exhibition. After them came the Ambassadors and Ministers from foreign countries.

Then came cabinet ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, splendid looking gentlemen in uniform, and Prince Albert, looking very tall and solemn, leading a little girl not much older than Caroline.

'That is the Princess Royal,' whispered Mama.

At last! There was a great burst of clapping and cheering, handkerchiefs were fluttering—



THE QUEEN OPENS THE GREAT EXHIBITION

Grandmama began to cry—and in came Her Majesty the Queen!

Such a little woman she looked, too, to be the Queen of England, and of all the huge, far away places that had sent things to be shown at the Exhibition, and where, as Papa had told the children, there were English people living almost as if they were in England.

She looked just like a Queen, in her wide splendid dress, a lovely crown of jewels on her head, and a bright blue sash across her shoulder.

‘That is the Order of the Garter,’ said Papa.

So busy were the children looking at the Queen that at first they did not notice that she was leading a boy by the hand; a boy not much older than William, in Highland dress, looking all round him as if he did not want to miss anything in the wonderful sight.

It was the little Prince of Wales.

There were not many children among the crowds in the huge hall and Caroline thought the

little Prince must have seen them, for he gave a special bow and smile towards the place where they stood.

‘I know which part was the nicest,’ said Caroline to William, when they were home in Grandmama’s house, when Grandmama’s maid had taken off their best clothes and they were eating bread and milk, looking out of the window at nice, dirty old London.

‘I liked seeing the wonderful things from foreign lands, best of all,’ said William.

‘What was funniest,’ said Caroline, ‘was the noise all the ladies’ silk dresses made when they curtsied. But the loveliest and most exciting thing was seeing the Queen, her real self, and the Prince of Wales. I’ll never think that history is a dull lesson again, because you and I and everyone else there, were all a part of history to-day!’



WHAT HENDRIK DID

Hendrik was a Dutch boy and lived in Holland. Hendrik had heard Father and Mother talk a lot about the Germans, and about the war that the Germans were fighting against Britain and France.

‘I hope they will leave us alone,’ said Hendrik’s mother.

‘They won’t,’ said Hendrik’s father. ‘They are greedy people. They want to take our country and make us their slaves.’

Very early one morning, when Hendrik was still in bed, he heard a great many aeroplanes going over the town. Then, bang! bang! bang! The glass in Hendrik’s window fell out with a crash.

Another bang and the front of the room seemed to slip into the street. It sounded as if everyone in the town was screaming at once. Hendrik's mother rushed into the room.

‘The Germans are bombing the town,’ she said. ‘Get up at once and dress. We must all go away quickly!’

There was no time to pack anything. Hendrik slipped a catapult into his pocket and off they went. The outside of their nice house looked dreadful with half the wall gone. Father had stacked some boxes and blankets and kitchen pots and pans on to a hand cart.

It was evening when they reached the house in the country where Hendrik's granny lived. Granny had heard the bombing and had seen the German planes fly over, with German soldiers dropping out by parachute. She cried with joy when she saw that Father and Mother and Hendrik were all safe. Father said that now he could leave Mother and Hendrik with Granny he



HENDRIK AND HIS PARENTS LEAVE THEIR BOMBED HOUSE

was going to join the army. Mother cried then. But Father said he must go and help to save his country from the enemy.

Before he had been very long in the country Mother said that Hendrik must go to school. The Germans were rushing all day and all night down the roads in their great tanks and cars. But Hendrik could walk to school by the fields and lanes.

One day when Hendrik was coming back from school by a narrow lane through the fields he met a dirty looking man pushing a little hand cart.

The man stopped.

‘Don’t you know me, Hendrik?’ he said.

It was Hendrik’s father!

‘Don’t ask me what I am doing,’ said Father, ‘nor where I live. Don’t tell anyone that you have seen me except your mother. But you are getting a big boy now and you have got some sense in your head. I am going to let you do something that may help us to win this war.’

Hendrik was so excited he could hardly speak ; first with meeting Father and now with what Father had said.

‘ Here is a little piece of paper,’ said Father. ‘ If you meet anyone in the next two or three days who says to you, “ We may have a storm to-night,” you must answer, “ The wind will be from the west.” Then, if the other person says, “ That is a good wind,” you give him your piece of paper. Do you understand ? Tell me just what you must do.’

Hendrik repeated what Father had told him.

‘ But what does it mean ? ’ he said. ‘ How can it help us to beat the Germans ? ’

‘ Do what I tell you and ask no questions,’ said Father.

The next day and the day after that every time he went along the narrow lane Hendrik expected to meet someone who would say there was going to be a storm that night. But there was no one there. Hendrik was beginning to wonder if

Father had meant the whole thing as a joke, when, coming back from school in the evening, he saw a stupid-looking peasant in a blue blouse and wooden shoes, leaning over one of the gates that Hendrik had to go through.

As Hendrik got to the gate the peasant looked up at the sky.

‘We may have a storm to-night,’ he said.

It was true then! Hendrik felt so excited that he had to pinch his arm to remember what he had to say.

‘The wind will be from the west,’ said Hendrik.

‘That is a good wind,’ said the man who did not talk at all like a stupid peasant. He put out his hand. Hendrik took the little bit of paper that Father had given him from his pocket and gave it to the man, who looked at it and tore it into tiny pieces.

‘Now will you help an ally?’ he said.

‘An ally?’ said Hendrik. ‘What does that mean?’

‘The ally is a British airman who was shot down by the Germans when he was flying to bomb Germany about a week ago. He was wounded, but not badly. He has been hidden in a farm not far from here. It isn’t safe for him to stay too long in the same place or the Germans will find him out. We want to move him tonight to another farm, and I want you to go to that farm and tell the farmer’s wife to expect him.’

‘How can I find the farm?’ asked Hendrik.

‘You can get up behind me on my horse,’ said the man ‘and ride with me to the lane that leads to the farm. No one will notice a boy running down the lane. If I were to go every German in the district would want to know why I had been there. Will you do it?’

‘Yes,’ said Hendrik.

Hendrik found it rather difficult to keep himself on the back of his new friend’s horse, especially when they trotted. But they got safely to the farm.

The farmer's wife was coming in from the cow sheds with two big pails of milk.

'What do you want?' she said when she saw Hendrik. 'We have no milk to give away.'

'I haven't come for milk,' said Hendrik, 'but about the man who is coming to you to-night.'

'No man is coming to me,' said the woman crossly.

'Oh, dear!' thought Hendrik. 'What can I say now?'

Then he remembered.

'We may have a storm to-night,' he said.

'The wind will be from the west,' said the woman. 'And you can tell whoever may be coming that he or she is welcome. It is a good wind.'

'It is all right,' said Hendrik when he got back to his friend on his tall horse. 'You can take the British airman there to-night.'

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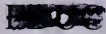
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